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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "janE2005" (2004). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 832.
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Bard

To talk is one wound

to listen another

no cure

once begun

now only

by saying everything

forever recover

the silence you sinned

23 January 2004

=====

At times I would like to be drunk with it
but that's only me. The real want
is to let it be dry
like a beech tree in August
moistened only with its own shade.

Do I understand what it is drinking?
Over the haunted cornfield crows flee their shadows.
The same is a street, I come
to you along it, you retreat from house to house
and I pursue, your borrowed cup still in my hand,
still full, returning what is yours I only am.

23 January 2004

□ □ □ ומסאגת כרפ ש"ס

=====

Sophophily. Logophily.
Then we would really begin,
mythophily, erotosophy.
Himerology. Build
the new campus already,
an idea wakes up at last.

23 January 2004

=====

Train beasts to speak.

Then listen.

Every new speaker amends the language learned.

In the sound of the word you say

I taste the quiet saliva in your mouth,

it thrills me. Words touch.

23 January 2004

=====

Sunrise snow squirrel
the dependable concierge of the world
the woman who carries a candle
and the wax is sky, not far
and a cat prowls by, black
but out of place he looks, this most
bourgeois of beasts among
rocks and cold trees. A finch
is out of reach. Nothing happens.

24 January 2004

=====

Locating real things
among the weary theories.
Ideas kill more than passions do.
The Incorruptible is horrible.

24 January 2004

=====

Know it before it
goes wrong.

A pen is pure
as long as it's full
of black ink.

Its emptiness
betrays the world.

Think of how you
are like that too,
holly only
while you keep
talking to me.

24 January 2004

=====

So why can't I write
even this?

24 January 2004

=====

Can dare write down what
later won't pick up and use
or even say to you or who
is there ever to tell such
one by one findings out?
What is said lurks for other.

25 January 2004

=====

If I don't tell the beginning
who will live to the end?

25 I 04

=====

Something must have happened
I'm telling the truth
effortlessly as if I were
alone in the room.
But you're never alone with language,
it's like a stork resting on your chimney
or an old Chevy shoved into the woods.

25 January 2004

=====

for C.C.

I woke up
and thought
I meant it
it was just
the sun.

25 I 04

=====

Light in the tulip leaves
brighter than their flowers
les armes renversés
of this small world
carries me on its hip
through the local infinite

space babies us along
through time, time
is ego, father, breathing.

Light is my mother's
voice alive through all
her body, good morning Mother.

25 January 2004

=====

Of course I have a headache
but whose is it? Morning
is such a democrat, we share
the hard light, the dry air.
In Abraham's sinus
a people breathes, the desert pain
travels with us. Killing
Jews is suicide.

25 January 2004

=====

Listen to the water say hello
he said or she the voice
on the radio we're still listening
soon it will be a hundred years

but when did water first
start talking he answers
or questions it's hard to tell
them apart he or she

the voice of water sounds now
one way now the mother
but my father was born

before radio I explain
and he says or she says I was
born before water.

26 January 2004

=====

Cantilever
always over

how dawn works
boring the turtle shell

cold fingers rhyme.

26 January 2004

=====

Put it in the interior
where the resistance
struggles against trees

whatever is natural
is still the enemy

a tremble in the fingertips
a wolf behind the barn

27 January 2004

=====

How can we come so far
by sheer forgetting

almost to the moon
where it lathers dead grass
and makes dry winter
a savage beach
of which the ocean itself is terrified

27 January 2004

=====

Against the star
a cup of sky
drink the dark
protection

all that light
is energy on its way home
already lost

a fatal gleaming
of actual absence

trust the dark,
set the dark word
chanting inside me

dark dance
no one sees
we know by feel

Dompna mius ocelis

lady my eyes
are in my hands
not because I am blind
but that you, being virtuous,
emit no light at all.

27 January 2004

[ETRUSCAN DANCES] here